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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1633.

Choice Poetry.

ANGEL MOTHER AND DYING CHILD.

"Child, come home!" a Mother Angel said—
Like the evening star above the Yellow
Shone her presence o'er the dying bed
And her words like dew fell on the pillow.
Dying bed—
"Home to Heaven!" the Mother angel said.

"Child of Love! thy tears shall fall no more;
Never shall the heart by grief be riven
For what comes there on the Jasper shore
With the children of Love's pure heaven
Eden shore—
Child of Love, thy tears shall fall no more!

So the Mother Angel, robed in light,
Sang, while love and joy with music blended
Fast without was storm and night
Varying from the sweet the voices upended
Through the night—
Shone the Mother Angel bright as light.

Waiting for the morning to appear
Beautiful the little child lay dying;
Still the Mother Angel drew more near,
Singing in her calm of love undying
Waiting for Heaven's Morning to appear

"Come back—pause! Paradise!" the child
Rose on little child and Mother Angel
Turn from the shade the cherub's face
Of deforming Love's overwhelming pearl
Love's own ruler!

"Child hath passed! Come!" the child
Then the Mother Angel rose on high
With the bright one in her arms upspringing
Harp and voices in the sky
Sang the future of Paradise unclosing—
Sang the Mother Angel rose on high

While the Mother Angel rose on high

There in Heaven, amidst the little child,
Kneeling, received with love's divine anointing
With "the Kisses" dowling undefiled,
"Shining in the light of the morning
Of Heaven."

Now in Heaven shades the Angel-child
Spectator.

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Deserted Wife," "Vivia's Secret," and "Miriam."

"The Discarded Daughter," &c.

&c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

RETROSPECT.

"Thus thy high pinnacle of worth
The thought in wondering awe
Can't comprehend—can't climb it forth
Then wanderer from the sky
Fall back and die."
—H. T. Tuckerman.

Major Clifton held the notes between his finger and thumb, in a fit of admiration, while a pleasant complacency stole down on his face.

"Well, my boy, you could not do it more delicately, after adding, "The reward waits."

"Oh, never it!" but what is it about?" he exclaimed, starting out of his reverie, and dropping the notes into his pocket book, "Some affair of honor, I suppose. You cannot have a better excuse, and deliver me from the messenger, dispatched him. Returning from this business, he said, "Now, Arthur, I cannot leave home this evening, sure I have come to a decision, I will not have a good, cordial set of talk with my little kids. How much I have to say to her, how much to draw from her, if I can! Between ourselves, my boy, I am not so much in love with her, as I am sorry—otherwise she is so shy."

"Yes, yes, very shy, to you. Kate's heart and head are wonderfully well balanced. I will require the two instincts at long, domestic companionship, to find out all her excellencies. If I should ever be married myself, which I am not nearly and highly than ever heart has done—but hush! here she comes."

The door opened, and Catherine entered, from her morning's household duties, with her little basket in her hand, and sewing on her arm.

Come hither, dear Kate," said Major Clifton, holding out his hand. "Come and put that little basket in its place, and quietly sweet to be rude. He encountered her waist with his arm, and holding her hand, drew her down on his knee. Indeed fondly in her face till she dropped her eyes in confusion. "Now, Arthur," he said, "look at Kate, my brother, who loves you almost as much as I do, if that were possible, study to know what you will soon call sister, for I am becoming my wife and her daughter."

He paused for an answer, but something his eyes from their gaze upon her glowing cheek.

"Yes, I am very anxious to know what they can call sister, and what they can call wife, my child?" said Mrs. Clifton, and she also paused for a reply.

Catherine, in extreme confusion, glanced from one to the other, and finally dropped her head in his arms.

"Come, dearest Kate, it is but a word—the name of sister—and you have supported very low," said Major Clifton, in her ear.

"Let it be soon, too, for it is within a week, dear child, that I shall be called away, and I like to leave your marriage before I go home. You know I shall go to-day, and I shall celebrate the progress of the day, and the length of his with some accuracy, and I tell you now that my days are numbered."

"Come, Kate, if you cannot speak, give us one of your sweet, soothing pictures, where there is need for the lady condescend him into music—that is, if you have not practiced it since the last time you favored us with it. Dearest mother, fix it as you will, I shall be happy, anyway."

"Thanks, Kate!"

"Yes, Thursday, dear mother."

The lady then endeavored dismissed her, and settled herself back in her chair to take a necessary nap.

Catherine left the parlor in that half-blissful, half-fearful frame that falls upon one when the great life's desire and object is about to be realized—happy beyond measure, but somewhat incredulous that this could be really true—sadly fearful that it was but a fire in the heart, and the dreams, and foreboding some stroke at the final moment, that should blast her great joy from her. Major Clifton was standing within the open front door, looking out upon the glorious sunset, and Catherine paused a moment to gaze upon the tress name of the sister branches of the ladies that, in the west, seemed a fire in the heart of the afternoon sun. But he turned to Catherine, with a buoyant smile and step, and laid her out upon his arm. The following grave Arthur Clifton was almost gay. He was in that state of mind that said that all will recognize who have ever had a severe, long standing, moral conflict brought to a close by the triumph of their principles and heart are all satisfied. The struggle between the prejudices of rank and the promptings of love—a struggle that had lasted for months, and now reigned alone, and the place of all reserve and gloom and severity, so great and happy was the change, that Catherine felt almost overwhelmed by the strength with him that had ever planted her at such disadvantage. Major Clifton led her to a sheltered seat at the end of a piazza, where there were no interlocks to a glowing line of sunlight, and seating himself more closely than the usual custom of the ladies, he placed her hand in his, and a falling leaf. And there he poured out the long hoarded love of his heart, telling of what he had on as he knew passed, until successively its rage had subsided, and he was come calm, and cooler sense and his thoughts, and shrouded the plans in darkness. And still he talked—as if he could not have enough of the sweet privilege, approved of a servant, until Benno's voice was heard, announcing that tea was ready, and Kate yes and sugar for supper. Then he arose, and half assisted her out of the presence of the maid, he said:

"This is very sweet, dear Kate, very, very much sweeter than I ever dreamed it could be, and yet somewhat—to tell you all the long withheld secrets of my soul, and see you listen with such deep interest, and then to see you blush with me—then will you show me your sketches?"

The next day Major Clifton rode over to White Cliffs to pay his respects to Georgia.

Georgia honestly received him with surprised joy, but in the conversation that ensued, recollected that she had not seen Arthur Clifton since he left home, and that he had not been to see her. Now how manners—was Mrs Kavanagh," asking him if he had not observed a great change in her daughter, and her appearance to her influence?

It gave Major Clifton great pain to hear Catherine thus slightingly mentioned, but he knew Mrs. Georgia to be perfectly sincere in her opinion, and only the victim of a narrator. He told her that Catherine was changed and was improved.

"I am about to give Mrs Kavanagh the highest proof of my confidence in the head of my son mother. I am about to take her to my husband's friend. We shall be married in five days."

Had a bullet sped through her heart, she could not have fallen more speechless. Instinctively she struck both hands to her temples, startled, and suddenly cried out.

"You shall not do it! By no soul, you shall not do it! You must not, you must not! Oh, my God! my God! what woman! I have entered the lists against you, that is sure and fast for mine, and before I leave them, I will prove him and treacherous. And show the right!"

Major Clifton looked on in astonishment. The strong emotion that she had exhibited, inspired him with a fear that she was insane, and he sat for some suspecting in cases, as children of passion for himself, he smiled it nicely be his self-possession, and then gave that he had spoken and for her thunderstruck regard for his own welfare.

And while he was soothing and flattering upon the soft hands into and beautiful, with all the power of her fascinating nature, she had been lured, tortures, and graces were turned against her, and she had been overwhelmed by the generous and humility become nauseous and sympathy, and her purity, and the hand of her all-seeing the weaker secrets of conscious guilt.

It was well that on his return he was Catherine quietly at home, where she could have to guard for the lady condescend him into music—thing else unfortunate, though at a time he would have been shocked to see mistress to the banner of the two ladies. When Catherine left the room, she had left a portion of her manuscript behind her, and so engrossed was she with the contents of them, till the paper was finished, that she never missed it, but left it lying on the table. When Catherine left the room, she had left a portion of her manuscript behind her, and so engrossed was she with the contents of them, till the paper was finished, that she never missed it, but left it lying on the table. When Catherine left the room, she had left a portion of her manuscript behind her, and so engrossed was she with the contents of them, till the paper was finished, that she never missed it, but left it lying on the table.

"Mother! heart's dearest mother! do you think he mistook me?"

"How, Kate?"

"Couldn't speak! Indeed, indeed I could not! But I want you to tell him, *mother*, how grateful I am, and how happy! Tell him, *for I dare not trust myself to write*, that I *know* he has done it *tells me by surprise, I have been prepared for it months ago.* Mrs. Georgia Clifton to found me that cold—and was hesitating.

"Is it possible? How could Georgia have been so trifling about it? But I suppose she has letter! no drop words to that effect. Now I hope then, that this purpose meets your opposition, Arthur."

"Certainly, madam, it can make no material difference—if Kate is to be my wife. And, if she were not to be so, I should be quite as well pleased."

The conscious of the double meaning of his words, the lady this inspired into the cause of his grieve.

"Merely a fit of moodiness, dear mother, the reaction, perhaps, of yesterday's joy, a mere depression of spirits, which a bit as pallid may the Ides will throw off."

"If you are indeed for a ride, Arthur, you can do not a service at the same time, I you will go to Kate, and bring out Mr. White, the lawyer, to draw up my will."

A spasm of pain passed over the handsome countenance of Major Clifton, and he said.

"I will do anything you please, dearest mother, but surely there is no necessity for him in this matter."

"Arthur, *there is.* Besides, my mind will be easier when it is done. And Arthur, tell him with you a clergyman. I wish to receive the Holy Communion."

Major Clifton made no further objection, but left the room to order his horse; and in less than half an hour he found his way to the house to L——. Mrs. Clifton summoned Kate. When the girl entered, she found that lady in the sitting—fidgeting from one chair to another, as was a deed—or rather *two of them*, no doubt while the signing of my last will and testament, and the solemnization of your marriage—the both must be witnessed, Kate. My dear child, let your pen and write at once."

Deeply troubled, extremely agitated, yet struggling to govern her feelings, Catherine found the writing materials and pressed the two sheets of paper to which the request referred. The distraction of her great grief, she misdirected them—and used the note intended for Mrs. Georgia Clifton, in writing the will of Mrs. Clifton to Carl to Mrs. Georgia. When she had dispatched the two documents, they were signed, and returned to the parlor. Mrs. Clifton said,

"Carl Heaver, my dear brother, I shall be an excellent witness, and Kate will be a good one, for she is not interested. Now, Kate, write a codicil—"

"Certainly, my dear mother, it shall be as you desire," replied, repressing a great struggle. "A devise, of course, to your dear daughter, Kate, and dying parent. "—shall it be one, my dear?"

"No, my Archer, not just yet—I want the dollars! Ogee left for the *dozen*—I want the will to remain in Witwood, signed and sealed, and then the marriage ceremony performed, and I shall have a witness the Holy Communion—after which, I shall be ready to depart."

"Mother, the minister may not favor me with his services, I am not a member of his church."

"Certainly, my dear mother, it shall be as you desire," replied, repressing a great struggle. "A devise, of course, to your dear daughter, Kate, and dying parent. "—shall it be one, my dear?"

"No, my Archer, not just yet—I want the dollars! Ogee left for the *dozen*—I want the will to remain in Witwood, signed and sealed, and then the marriage ceremony performed, and I shall have a witness the Holy Communion—after which, I shall be ready to depart."

"Mother, the minister may not favor me with his services, I am not a member of his church."

"Yes—yes—yes—no—never mind, it is needless," said Major Clifton, gallantly, and inquiring, as a reason, not near her name. I can procure a clergyman, or a pastor, he is exclaimed—Mrs. Clifton, you know my sound principles—and my natural piety! Catherine, forgive me, for the purpose of which you have already been advised by the note."

"Yes, dearest, at your said message, among other things!"

"Yes—"

"I will not go!" I cannot! I cannot witness their wedding!"

"Kate, Kate, dear Georgia. I suppose there is no inquisitive necessity of bestowing the gentle—gentle—names! I can pursue in the room purpose. I shall remain here, and I will not go! I will not! I fear that they will be rest. His exists closed calmly, and

"Dear Archer, I have often tried to detect the exact moment of falling asleep. I watch now, to see if I can note the precise instant of passing from mortal to immortal life."

And she closed her eyes again. After a few minutes, she said

"Archer, my dear Kate! You know—Her—her's death frame."

Catherine bent and kissed the pallid lips of the dying woman, and then her voice arose, and she sang, in a sweet, yet angelic songs, as that historical poem:

"I am quiet at heavenly home
Where the weary are at rest
Trembling mingle morning from
Where the sun is in the west
Where the tempest ceases
Where the tempest ceases
Where the tempest ceases

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5 00 Per Annum.
8 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $10 00	"
13 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $15 00	"
20 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00	"

ADDITION TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

A NEW CAMPAIGN.

Now that the Election is over, we lay before our readers, the country, and "the rest of mankind," a Prospectus containing the principal portion of our arrangements for the coming year. We issue our Card thus early, in order that full time may be given to make up Clubs to commence the next season with us. While we have not a complaint to make against the public for the patronage awarded to us during the year which is now approaching its close—our subscription list having *increased* about *seven thousand* names since the first of January last—it is only natural that we should be desirous of doing still better in the year which is coming. This is a very Progressive country, and we feel it inconsistent, undignified and Anti-American to be out of fashion in this respect. Especially now that the Postage on Newspapers has been put down to such a merely nominal rate, do we think that we ought to continue our onward march in the path of usefulness and greatness. As we are already far ahead of all our contemporaries, we feel in honor bound to keep ahead! And to do this, we grudge no reasonable expense, as we think the columns of the Post bear witness. We pay the highest prices for manuscript—our Novelets generally costing from $200 to $500 *apiece*. We give weekly *two* engravings. We are at the expense of having all Public Lectures of sufficient interest, reported for our columns. And, in one word, we endeavor to be true to our high position and immense circulation.

Being thus true to our readers, we have always found them true to us. It is with sincere pleasure that we make this acknowledgment. We have found them quick to be pleased, and slow to take offence; not given to harsh judgments when they have differed with us in opinion, but willing to allow a reasonable diversity of sentiment, for the sake of the life, spirit and variety of the paper; and, when the letters ... coming in for the various publishers of this great city, we have not often been disappointed in finding no small proportion of the number directed to Deacon & Peterson.

THE RESULT.

The political contest is over, and the result has been alike astounding to both of the great parties of the country. Such a Waterloo as the Whigs have met with, was scarcely contemplated by their most sanguine opponents. And now, as a matter of interest to both parties, we may be allowed, who have stood above the smoke and turmoil of the battle, on the calm and serene heights of our Neutrality, to give our opinion of the causes which have led to such an overwhelming result.

And in the first place, we may state, what is evident to all, that the Democratic party, in all seasons of little excitement, is able to poll a majority of votes in the Union. We shall not attempt to decide whether that majority is a real one, or merely the result of a better drill and a more faithful attendance at the ballot-boxes of the members of that party. The fact remains as we have carefully stated it, in either case. In times when the Whigs have been fully united upon men and measures, and roused to a high pitch of enthusiasm, the contest generally has been doubtful. During the political campaign through which we have just passed, there was comparatively little enthusiasm on either side. The great body of the Democrats had not their first choice for the office; while probably at least half the Whigs—taking both North and South—were dissatisfied with the nomination of General Scott. In addition, the Platforms adopted by the two Baltimore Conventions were so nearly alike, that there seemed to many but little difference between the proclaimed principles of the two parties. We therefore trace the Democratic victory in the first place, to the natural preponderance of that party in times of little excitement and low enthusiasm.

[illegible]

looking upon them as deserters from their own ranks. But as Scott was really and undeniably a Compromise man, and had been so from the start, they probably thought that the Conservative Whigs would not refuse to vote for him, merely because he was the first choice of their opponents, the Progressives, and owed his nomination to them. The result has proved that they were, to no small degree, mistaken.

We therefore incline to the view that the Whig party would have been completely routed, with either Fillmore or Webster instead of Scott. That man, we think, is rather verdant who supposes that the tenderness with which the Democratic press have treated Messrs. Fillmore and Webster lately, would have been manifested if either had been a rival candidate to General Pierce. No, in such an event, Cuba, the Fisheries, and the Guano Question, would have furnished fruitful sources of Declamation—to say nothing, in the case of Mr. Webster, of his strenuous opposition to and condemnation of the last war with England, and those not yet defunct political scarecrows, the Hartford Convention and "Blue Light Federalism." As it was, the contest was really narrowed down to the fact that General Scott, while himself in favor of the Compromise, was the favorite candidate of the "Seward Faction," the "Progressive Whigs," and that was enough to defeat him, as the other matters to which we have alluded, would have been enough probably to defeat either Webster or Fillmore.

In our opinion, also, another thing tended considerably to the completeness of General Scott's overthrow. We allude to his open flattery of, and appeals to, our German and Irish citizens. The result proves that he gained nothing by such undignified appeals, while he probably disgusted thousands of his own party. We have not the least disposition to abridge the rights of our adopted citizens, but we cannot see without mortification special appeals made to them by candidates for their support. A candidate, especially for the Presidential chair, should know no Irish nor German citizens—all should be to him Americans—and nothing should be uttered to one which was not equally designed for all.

What will be the effect of this overthrow upon the Whig party? We answer this question with much hesitation. But at such a moment as this perhaps, when party feeling no longer rules the hour, we may be allowed to give our opinion. The Whig party is, as we have implied, disunited upon certain domestic questions, especially one principal one. But upon other domestic questions, such as the Tariff, and Internal Improvements, which have now become subordinate, the Whigs are as one man. This, however, in our opinion, will not keep them together sufficiently to make them a compact, enthusiastic party, possessing great elements of success. They agree, however, with great unanimity, upon certain questions of foreign policy, which it is generally believed will arise within the next four years. If we are not mistaken, judging from their speeches and papers, they would be closely united in opposition to any further "annexation" in the direction of Cuba, St. Domingo or Mexico. If any such annexation should become a prominent question before the country, we may expect to see the Whig party arise from its defeat, with all the energy and enthusiasm which have heretofore made it no mean foe of the Democracy. Whether such a question will arise, depends probably upon whether Gen. Pierce is disposed to afford the annexation movements of the day any countenance or encouragement. If he do not "set his face as a flint" against all projects of the kind, it will be reasonably inferred that the Government is not at heart averse to them. His Inaugural Address will probably indicate what no one seems to know with certainty—his feelings upon this point—and it therefore will also enlighten us somewhat upon the question, whether the Whig elements are destined to assume their old form, or whether they are fated to crystallize around some new party or parties.

We conclude with an extract of a letter, published without comment in the New York Tribune—the organ of the Democratic or Progressive Whigs—as a probably correct indication of the feelings of that section of the party, in view of their overwhelming defeat:

"It is certainly very vexatious to think that the people should have paid so little attention to the many good things that you and I and all of us have said during the campaign—and that 1,000,000 copies of the Life of Scott should have had no other effect than to give Pierce 28 States out of 30. Nevertheless, we may as well take it quietly as Socrates drank his hemlock. It vexed me considerably at first, but when I found there was not a single plank left, and that no chance existed for the re-formation of the Whig party, I was consoled.

"I had long since become tired of being *cheated* by Whig great men at one time and ridden over by them at another, and it is quite a comfort to me now to think that we are rid of them. Five years since I made up my mind that next to electing a *good* Whig President who could be depended upon, the best thing would be that the party should be annihilated. And now, though I have failed in my first wish, I am sure of my second.

"I rejoice that, as Scott could not be elected, Pierce comes in in such a way as frees him from any necessity of looking to any extreme of his party for support. Whig opposition is at an end, and the external force being withdrawn, the internal one will have full play, and the party will be shivered to pieces, after which will come new combinations. Take comfort. Things will come right. I have not seen a Whig these twenty-four hours, and the last I did see were buying Salt River tickets."

As to the feeling of the Conservative Whigs, we have the following index, which may perhaps only denote the resolution of the most ultra portion of that section of the party:—

At a meeting of the Webster State Executive Committee of Massachusetts, held at Boston on the day subsequent to the election, it was resolved to constitute the Webster organization into "an American Union party," and "to sustain any national administration, of whatever name, which is practically conducted according to the maxims of policy laid down by Washington and Webster."

PROMOTION.—We take the following poetic effusion from one of our exchanges:—

AGNES.

I took a reed and wrote upon the sand
"Agnes, I love thee!"
But the wicked waves came rolling
Over the sweet confession
And blotted it out!

Fragile reed! changeable sand!
Rolling waves! I trust ye no more;
But with mighty hand from Norway's forests
I tear the loftiest pine
And dip it in the boiling crater of Mount Etna
And, with this flame-dripping giant pen,
I write upon the azure vault of heaven,
"Agnes, I love thee!"

What a terrific fellow that must be! ...

[illegible]

AN EXPLANATION.—We see it stated that the merchants of New York are importing large quantities of butter from Ireland. This seemed strange enough, until we remembered that as a large portion of Ireland cannot easily get bread, it would be superfluous indeed for them to keep their butter.

AS GOES TINICUM SO GO THE STATE AND UNION.—All signs fail in times of either drought or flood. Tinicum has voted for Scott—out of the 21 votes polled, only 10 being for Pierce. As Tinicum has gone for "Seward," it is evident the Union is not yet safe.

Our Correspondents

THE MAINE LAW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[In giving an insertion to the annexed communication, we must avow our perfect willingness to publish any well-written communication of about the same length, on the opposite side of the question. The subject is a very important one, and we are willing to give both sides a hearing. As Jefferson says:—"Error of opinion may be safely tolerated, when reason is left free to combat it."]

MR. EDITOR:—The Temperance cause is a most important one, and well worthy a place in the columns of your useful Journal.

To promote Temperance, improve the morals of mankind, and increase the happiness and prosperity of the community, are the noblest acts of the philanthropist, and ought to receive the united efforts of every friend of civilized society. And it is much to be regretted that there should exist amongst the friends of the cause, such a great difference of opinion as to the best method to promote those great and important objects.

A real Temperance man is a rational, moral being, one who regulates his actions by controlling his appetites, inclinations, and passions, and performs with propriety the duties he owes himself and his fellows, as required of him by his Maker. And the great and important question is,—how can this be accomplished? Can it be done by coercion, by Legislative enactments, or the force of law? I say, no:—for the more that force is applied to the controlling of individual rights, the greater will be the power of resistance. Every one knows and feels that he has a perfect right to the control of his own ...

[illegible]

New Publications.

THE FOREST. By J. V. HUNTINGTON, Author of "Alban" and "Lady Alice." Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, No. 25 South Sixth St., Philadelphia.

From the perusal of "Lady Alice, or the New Una," some years ago, we should take up any other work by the same author in the faith that it was worth reading. In that novel, Mr. Huntington's *penchant* for high rank finds full expression. It is aristocratic to the core—therein lies its charm on the one hand, and its defect on the other. That the glittering externals of wealth and station should be so highly rated, runs counter to our republican notions; but the writer keeps his hold upon us by maintaining with so lofty a spirit the essential idea of aristocracy—an elevation of soul, of character, of the whole life, a full development and culture of all the faculties, intellectual and moral, resulting in an exquisite finish of body, soul and spirit, corresponding with the high places of the world in which this ideal of human perfection is established. "From him to whom much is given much is required." When the responsibilities of rank are held to be in strict proportion to its privileges, it does not shock the sense of justice as does the regular idea of aristocratic pretension—taking all the play and pleasure, and leaving the work and suffering for others. The character and adventures of lady Alice illustrate this high finish of humanity—equal power to grace the loftiest home of beauty and of pleasure, and to endure, unappalled by the contrast, the utmost limit of privation and suffering—all through a perfect subordination of the human will to the will of God. This, the supremacy of the religious sentiment, so well delineated, was what pleased us in Mr. Huntington's former novel, and ensured our reading the one before us. In "The Forest" there is more to disagree with—the Catholicism of the author being the leading idea. It is the continuation and *denouement* of "Alban," a story which we have not read. The hero, who has become a Catholic by conversion, is introduced as the object of a secret attachment from his cousin Jane Atherton, a beautiful girl, a zealous Presbyterian, through whose influence his Protestant friends hope to see him reclaimed from his errors. But the young gentleman is in no hurry to declare the state of his heart, and presently a new character, who is at once seen to be a formidable rival to the loving cousin, steps upon the stage. It is a young lady belonging to the highest circle of New York society, bound on a journey to the Adirondach lakes, accompanied only by her maid, and the ...

[illegible]

PROSPECTUS FOR 1853.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE LEADING LITERARY WEEKLY.

Over THIRTY-ONE years have now elapsed since the SATURDAY EVENING POST began its weekly round of blended instruction and amusement; and never, in all that period, was its success so marked as at the present moment. Possessing undeniably the largest circulation, by many thousands, of any paper of its class in the Union, its subscribers have the best of reasons for believing that it stands upon a permanent basis, and that they will receive the full value of every dollar intrusted to its publishers. In announcing some of our preparations for the coming year, we may begin by stating our continued connection with MRS. SOUTHWORTH, a writer who, in vigor and fertility of genius, is not surpassed by any, male or female, in the Union. MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, a lady whom it would be almost superfluous to praise, in view of the general popularity of such tales as "The Mob Cap," "Eoline," "Linda," "Rena," etc., also is enrolled among our contributors.

We shall shortly begin the publication of a story entitled

CLARA MORELAND,

By EMERSON BENNETT, Author of "Viola," "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," etc.

And at the opening of the ensuing year we design commencing the publication of the following Novelets:

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

By MRS. LEE HENTZ, of Florida, Author of "Eoline," "Linda," "Rena," etc.

This novelet we design following by a story entitled

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT.

By MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE, of Ohio, widely known as the author of some admirably written and very effective household poems, sketches, etc.

After this we expect to be able to commence

THE LOST HEIRESS;
A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, Author of "The Curse of Clifton," "Virginia and Magdalene," "Shannondale," "The Deserted Wife," etc.

In addition to these and other ORIGINAL TALES, involving a large expenditure of money, we shall lay before our readers, as heretofore, choice Tales, Sketches, Essays, Narratives, etc., from the English Magazines—such as have given the Post a name for the excellence of its selections.

ENGRAVINGS.—In the way of engravings we present at least two weekly—one of an instructive and the other of a humorous character.

Miscellaneous matter, Agricultural Articles, General News, Witty and Humorous Sketches and Anecdotes, Letters from Europe, Editorials, View of the Produce and Stock Markets, Bank Note List, etc., etc., shall also be duly given.

☞ Of course we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired, of being a strictly moral paper—not ridiculously squeamish and straight-laced, but really and truly moral—such as may be taken into the family circle without fear. Advertisements of an improper character shall be, as heretofore, rigorously excluded.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

The Postage on the Post to any part of the United States, when paid quarterly in advance, is now only 26 cents a year. And we trust that the public generally will show their appreciation of this commendable reduction of postage, by largely increasing the number of papers taken at the various offices—THAT THUS THERE MAY BE NO FALLING OFF IN THE REVENUE OF THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT. This will insure a continuance of the present reduced rates.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are Two Dollars if paid in advance, Three Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office:

4 Copies.		$5.00 Per Annum
8	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club)	$10.00
13	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club)	$15.00
20	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club)	$20.00

The money for Clubs always must be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible, the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid*,

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

☞ N. B.—*Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST, as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter*, (post-paid.)

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it, (the notices of new novelets and our terms,) for their *editorial* columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

[illegible]

blush to acknowledge the fact. French sermons are rarely less than an hour long, and are delivered extempore with more ease than is usual with American clergymen who read their essays. Those that I have heard, have been in general on the practical duties or common elements of the Christian faith, delivered with an earnestness that bespoke self-conviction of divine truth.

... will suppose that forty-eight Catholic churches are adequate to the wants of a city like Paris. Their congregations are larger since the cholera ... but having attended various churches punctually for several months, both at morning and evening services, I am satisfied that although they are comparatively as well filled as Protestant churches in the United States, yet five hundred to each would be a fair average of ...

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Viola—

CLARA MORELAND,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the ENGLISH PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM OF NEW WORKS, ORIGINAL LECTURES, GENERAL NEWS, COMIC AND OTHER ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c.—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first-class paper, and of our great circulation.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.—Louis Napoleon's new title is to be, "Emperor of the French, King of Algeria, and Protector of the Holy Places."

The Senate has been convoked to meet on the 4th of November, and the Empire will then be submitted to the people.

The coronation will be performed by the Pope, probably in May next.

Algeria will be Vice-Royalty, and it is reported that Lucien Murat will be Vice-roy. An Imperial Guard of 10,000 men is spoken of.

The Pays has changed its title to that of the "Journal del Empire."

The Prince President, at the request of Car- [illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—Long before this paper reaches our readers, they probably will know, by means of the telegraph, that Gen. Scott has sustained an overwhelming defeat—getting, perhaps, only two States in the Union—Massachusetts and Vermont. The Whigs have also been routed in their State tickets, horse, foot and dragoons. The following shows the various majorities in the Electoral College, since 1828:—

Jackson's (Dem.) majority in	1828		95
" " "	1832		132
Van Buren's "	1836		46
Harrison's (Whig)	1840		174
Polk's (Dem.)	1844		65
Taylor's (Whig)	1848		36
Pierce's (Dem.)	1852	perhaps	212

Of course, however, Pierce's majority in the Electoral College, is no criterion of the popular vote—which probably will stand about in the proportion of four out of seven for Pierce.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The majority for Pierce in the State is near 20,000. In Philadelphia City and County 1,449—the City giving 3,542 for Scott, and the County 4,991, for Pierce. Hale's vote is not yet ascertained.

NEW JERSEY.—The Democrats have 5,000 majority, four Congressmen out of five, and the Legislature by a large majority.

MARYLAND.—Pierce has 5,039 majority.

NEW YORK.—Pierce has about 22 to 25,000. The whole Democratic State ticket is elected. To Congress, 20 Democrats, 12 Whigs, and one Abolitionist, (Gerritt Smith,) is elected. The present representation stands 17 Whigs to 17 Democrats. Gerritt Smith is elected in a district that gives about 1,000 Pierce majority, over the Whig and Democratic candidates. He is a wealthy man, very benevolent, and very radical in all his opinions. He believes the Constitution, rightly construed, would abolish slavery throughout the Union. One of the largest landholders in New York, he is a land reformer, and has given away a large portion of his land, and a large sum of money with it, to aid the settlers in their first setting out. The sound judgment of such a man may be questioned, but not his sincerity and benevolence.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The vote stands thus:

Scott,	51,205
Pierce,	47,018
Hale,	22,868
Scattering, (Webster, &c.)	1,870

Boston gives 494 majority for Pierce.

VERMONT.—The Whig plurality will reach 10,000.

DELAWARE.—Pierce has 23 majority; New Castle went for Pierce; Kent and Sussex for Scott.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Doubtful.

GEORGIA.—Pierce has some 20,000 majority.

MISSOURI.—Pierce's majority is about 12,000.

IOWA. " " " 4,500.

VIRGINIA. " " " 10,000

KENTUCKY, TENNESSEE AND LOUISIANA.—Doubtful.

RUFUS CHOATE.—Mr. Choate published a letter dated Oct. 30th, advising the Whigs to vote for Scott, as, he said he designed doing.

GEN. SCOTT.—Scott takes his defeat, the telegraphic reports say, with admirable coolness and equanimity. He ascribes it principally to the defection of Mr. Webster and the lukewarmness of Mr. Fillmore.

A MODEL LETTER FOR EMINENT POLITICIANS.—The following letter we recommend to the study, at the present time, of our eminent politicians out of office:

"The Duke of Wellington presents his com- [illegible]

A ROMANTIC AFFAIR.—A day or two since we published, says the Cincinnati Nonpareil, the marriage of Mr. P——, of Vicksburg, to Miss R——, of Covington. From circumstances of a rather singular nature, connected with the marriage, a good deal of gossip has been occasioned in this community during several days past. It appears that Mr. S——, of Covington, had been paying his addresses to the lady, and had pressed his suit successfully, as he had reason to believe, for the engagement had been completed, and the wedding day fixed. Mr. S——, happy in the protestations and caresses of love, made no secret of his approaching nuptials. The wedding garments were prepared, the clergyman was engaged, and friends abroad were notified by letter and telegraph of the same. The wedding was to take place on the first of September. On Sunday last the lover had an interview with his "intended," the arrangements finally completed, and a trip to Niagara Falls, Saratoga, New York, &c., during the honey-moon, agreed upon. Twenty minutes after the departure of Mr. S——, the affianced bride left also in company of Mr. P——, of Vicksburg. They came directly across the river, and at the Dennison House was made man and wife.

Of this, the unfortunate Mr. S—— remained in blissful ignorance until a late hour on Sunday evening, when the father of the young lady called upon him and overwhelmed him with the astounding intelligence. His feelings, on being convinced of its truth, can be imagined, perhaps, but not described. The father was indignant beyond expression, at the conduct of his daughter. He swore, although he never swore before, that she should never receive one cent of his wealth—he is worth near $100,000—and that nothing should induce a reconciliation. The next morning, the news spread everywhere, and Mr. S—— found all Covington jesting about his misfortune. This jilting affair, so extraordinary and unaccountable at first glance, is explained something after this manner, by those who appear to know. Miss R—— had loved Mr. P——, and had been engaged for several years, but her parents had forbidden the match, so the lady—the sex is ever fertile in expedients—determined to choose another lover, one whom her parents approved, and thus, after securing their written consent that she should marry, notwithstanding she was "under age," call in her former lover to bear off the prize. This she effected by making a cat's paw of Mr. S——, and it appears she performed the heartless transaction from beginning to end, without once exciting the suspicions of her parents or lover.

Who, after such a *coup de etat*, will question the deceitfulness of woman? But the romantic part of the story remains to be told. The forsaken lover, after asking himself a thousand and one times what he should do under circumstances of such painful embarrassment, at length resolved—not to shoot himself or her, or him,—but to join in the practical joke and the too annoying laugh, and to offer himself as mediator. So he called upon the indignant father, and after talking over the affair, succeeded in convincing him it was better one of the parties should be made unhappy, than that all should be miserable, and as things could not be helped, he urged the parents to become reconciled to their children. This done, he came to Cincinnati, and accompanied the newly married couple to Covington, where they received the forgiveness and benediction of the offended parents. Verily the lover stands on slippery places.

HAYTI.—Rev. W. L. Judd, who has spent se- [illegible]

Clippings.

☞ Dobbs says that when a painter can no longer earn a living, he should throw away his *palette*.

☞ Theodore Parker says:—"Mr. Leaningbothways is a popular politician in America, just now sitting on the fence between honesty and dishonesty, and like the blank leaf between the Old and New Testament, belonging to neither dispensation."

☞ An exchange paper says, the most dignified, glorious, and lovely work of nature is woman—the next, man—and then Berkshire pigs.

☞ A little friend of mine being asked by her mother, after she had said the Lord's Prayer, what she supposed was the meaning of Amen, said—"I guess it means, 'Good-bye, Lord!'"

☞ A Sydney letter-writer says that immediately an emigrant ship comes in sight, proposals are made to every young lady on board, with a speaking-trumpet! There's a "settler" for her!

☞ A young lady out West, was so modest, that in describing the instrument used to force water to ascend, she called it a Hydraulic male sheep.

☞ An entirely new feature was introduced at an Agricultural Fair, held at Batavia, New York. Nine fair *equestriennes*, attended by their cavaliers, entered the ring, and competed for the honors awarded to the best horsemanship. The first prize was a silver cup.

☞ POPULAR RAILWAY MAXIM.—"Your money *and* your life."

☞ "I can't paint, but I can draw," as the Spanish fly said to the artist.

☞ "When shall we three meet again?" as the Up, the Down, and the Luggage-train said, when they all ran into one another at the junction.

☞ No one has more enemies in this world than an upright, proud, and sensible man, disposed to take persons and things for what they really are, and not for what they are not.

☞ Some days before his death, Mr. Webster sent to Boston for a large lantern, to be placed on the boat, which lay at anchor on the pond visible from the chamber where he lay. He gave orders that this lantern should be lit every night as long as he lived.

☞ George Cruikshank is preparing twenty-seven designs for an edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

☞ TESTIMONY OF A LAWYER.—"I have been a lawyer for eighteen years, and if there is anything on God's earth that I hate, it is law!" said Joel Eastman, Esq., of Conway, the other evening, at a meeting of the New Hampshire State Agricultural Society.

☞ A staid and demure Quaker lady entered a dry goods establishment, with the intention of making purchases. The salesman commenced [illegible]

Local News.

[illegible]

OAKFORD'S HATS.

There is no difficulty to him that wills, has been exemplified by Oakford, of 149 Chesnut Street, in the production of a hat, which has received the entire approbation of all classes of his fellow citizens, for their symmetry, proportion, and adaptation to the head. Oakford may well feel proud of the laurels which he has won, by the production of an article so essential to dress—THE HAT.

☞ When a tree is struck by lightning, the heat of the flash converts the sap into steam, the expansive force of which shivers the tree.

☞ Glancing over a page of Blackwood, recently, we met with this observation:—"There is but one way of being correct and agreeing with everybody; it is to say nothing that can be of any possible use to any one."

☞ FOOLISH DELICACY.—Speaking of the "brute creations," reminds me of a specimen of the "flat-head tribe"—he is an amateur sportsman, and owns a beautiful setter slut, his constant companion. Walking with a lady a few days ago, she remarked to him: "What a fine dog you have, Mr. M——!" "Miss ——," said he, "that is not a dog; it is *one of your own sex!*"

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1, Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general traveling Agent for the Western States, assisted by *John T. Dent, Dr. J. A. Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws, William Moore, Charles Carroll, O. J. Dyer, C. M. L. Wiseman, and H. J. Thomas.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general traveling Agent for the States of Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by *C. F. Lewis, James O. Lewis, and Samuel D. Lewis.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling Agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, Peter Locke, Jos. Button, Geo. P. Button, D. K. Goodin, Wm. J. Coxey, Isaac M. Bodine, and Walter D. Thompson.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States, and a portion of the State of New York.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots Of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 *Ann St., N. Y.*
Of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*
Of MILTON BOULLEMET, *Mobile, Ala.*
Of J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans, La.*
Of W. TAYLOR & Co., *Baltimore, Md.*
Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville, Tenn.*
Of S. W. PEASE, 28 *West Sixth St., and 29 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*
Of SAML. RINGGOLD, *Louisville, Ky.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized traveling agents.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

Shipped by the Lehigh Canal during the week ending the 30th ult. Feet 1,191,271
Previously, 44,537,793
Total, 45,729,064

MOLASSES—The market has been very quiet, and no further sales have been reported.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of 1,500 barrels Rosin at $1,62½ per bbl for common, and $1,75a3,25 for Soap. Prices of Tar and Pitch are unchanged. Spirits of Turpentine is in limited request; small sales at 58a60 cts per gallon.

OILS—There is a fair demand for Fish Oils from store at full rates. Lard Oil sells in lots at 95cts a $1. Linseed Oil is dull at 66a67c per gallon.

PLASTER—An import of Soft, to arrive, sold at $2,81¼, and a cargo here at $2,87½ per ton.

RICE—Is scarce. Small sales of new crop at 5¼c per lb, on time.

SALT—Two cargoes of Turks Island have been disposed of on private terms.

SEEDS—There is more inquiry for Cloverseed, and 8a900 bushels sold at $5,12½ per 64 lbs, and to-day at $5,25. Timothy ranges from $2,37½ to 2,75. Sales of Flaxseed at $1,37½ per bushel.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired, except 213 bags damaged Pimento, by auction, at 11¼a12½c per lb, cash.

SPIRITS—Moderate sales of Brandy and Gin are making at full rates. N. E. Rum is scarce, and commands 29a30c. Whiskey is steady at 25c in bbls, and 24½c in hhds.

SUGAR—There has been a moderate inquiry, part for refining, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 700 hhds Cuba at 5 to 5½ cts per lb, on time, and 800 bags and bbls Brazil on terms not made public.

TALLOW—Is in limited demand at our former quotations.

TEAS—There is no new feature to present in the market.

TOBACCO—The demand has been limited for both Leaf and Manufactured, but prices are unchanged.

WINES—The sales have been only in small lots.

WOOL—There has been a moderate inquiry, and the stocks being much reduced prices have rather an upward tendency; sales of 100,000 lbs at 38 up to 60 cts per lb, on time.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are firm at 2s 6d per bbl for Flour, and 8d per bushel for Grain. Colliers are in demand at $1.75 per ton to Boston; $1.30a1.40 to Rhode Island, and $1.05 to N. York.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 25 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's '56	108½	—	Southwark	77	—
" '62	114½	—	Kensington	61½	—
" '67	119	—	P Township	31	31½
" '68	119	—	Girard	13½	14
" '53	101½	102	Western	68	—
" '65	108	108½	Man & Mechs	29½	30
July interest off			Bk of Com	48	—
Phila 6s	107½		Camden N J	59	61
" 5s	92		Germantown	66	—
" " Gas	103	104	Trent Bk Co	35	—
County 5s	92	—	Pitts'bg Bk	56	—
Penna 6s	101½	102	M & M Pitts	56½	—
" 5s	97	97½	Exchange, Pitts	52	—
Kentucky 6s	106	—	Com, Cin	15	—
Tennessee 5s	92	92½	Louis, Ky	113	114
Illinois 6s	81½	—	Kentucky Bk	110	—
Cincinnati 6s	102	—	Northern	108	—

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, NOV. 6.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON & CO., BROKERS,

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (sixteen lines)	one insertion,	$2.00
" " "	three months,	$15.00
" " "	six months,	$25.00
" " "	a year,	$50.00

Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

ALMANAC.

Nov 1852	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
13 Saturday,	7 5	4 55	3 37	
14 Sunday,	7 6	4 54	4 38	
15 Monday,	7 7	4 53	5 39	
16 Tuesday,	7 8	4 52	6 34	D H M
17 Wednesday,	7 9	4 51	7 27	Last 4 7 21
18 Thursday,	7 10	4 50	8 15	New 11 11 21
19 Friday,	7 11	4 49	9 0	First 18 9 7
20 Saturday,	7 12	4 48	9 43	Full 26 1 21

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
Oct 31	53	61	61
Nov 1	52	57	52
2	58	61	60
3	53	58	57
4	53	55	57
5	47	48	47
6	44	45	43

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st of Nov., by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. ANDREW MCGRATH, to LETITIA, daughter of Thos. Limerick, Londonderry, Ireland.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Coleman, Mr. WILLIAM J. GRAHAM, to Miss SARAH MILLS, both of Southwark.

On the 28th ult., by the Rev. John McDowell, D. D., Mr. THOMAS E. HENSON, to Miss REBECCA W. SEAYS.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JAMES MCCORMICK, to Miss ANN FARLEY.

On the 1st inst., by the Rev. I. B. Daniel, JAMES MCAFEE, to CATHARINE KESSNER, both of this city.

On the 1st inst., by the Rev. John C. Lyons, Mr. JAMES SHARP, to Miss MARY A. PRICE, of Kensington.

On the 3d of July, by the Rev. Dr. Greenbank, Mr. W. A. LANGDON, Esq. of this city, to Miss SUSAN M. STAUFFON, of the Northern Liberties.

In this city, on the 21st ult., by the Rev. Geo. Quigley, Mr. THOMAS HELMS, to Miss ANN E. FINNEY, all of Philadelphia.

On the 25th ult., by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D., Mr. JOHN CURRY, to Miss ELIZABETH ROBERTSON, daughter of Wm. Robertson, Esq., both of this city.

On the 29th ult., by the Rev. J. C. Clay, WILLIAM A. MAAS, to Miss ANNIE MCKAY, both of this city.

On the 28th ult., by the Rev. Richard D. Hall, JOHN A. REMSON, to SARAH E. NAGLE, both of this city.

On the 2d of Sept., by the Rev. James Sewell, J. M. DAVIS, to Miss M. M. DUBEY, all of Philadelphia.

On the 3d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Roth, Mr. JOSEPH L. WILKINS, to Miss MARGARET VIRGINIA, daughter of Robt. Mansure, Esq., all of Philadelphia.

On the 28th ult., by the Rev. T. L. Burrows, Mr. HENRY F. WHITEMAN, of Roxborough, to Miss MARY SIBLEY, of Lower Merion.

On the 27th ult., by the Rev. John C. Hyde, Mr. SAMUEL RANSON, of Tinicum, to Miss HANNAH HOUGH, daughter of Joseph Hough, Esq., of Tinicum, all of Bucks county.

At Glen Ord, on the 20th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Hargrave, Dr. JOHN C. MACKENZIE, of Baltimore, to ELLA, daughter of Col. Lloyd Noland, of Fauquier county, Va.

In Gloria Dei Church, on the 21st ult., by the Rev. [illegible]

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

[illegible]

TO BOOK AGENTS, CANVASSERS, AND OTHERS!

A GREAT NATIONAL WORK!

THE ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

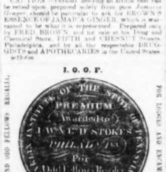
[illegible]

FITS! FITS! FITS!

[illegible]

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE-STUFFS, &c.

[illegible]



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J. W. & E. D. STOKES,

[illegible]

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$2 50 TO $16
VESTS,	2 00 " 4
PANTALOONS,	3 50 " 6

WE STUDY TO PLEASE. feb14-1y

THE OAKFORD HAT AND CAP STORE,

No. 149 CHESNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

ADJOINING THE UNITED STATES HOTEL.

CHARLES OAKFORD has just issued his Fall and Winter Fashions for

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTH'S, AND MISSES'

HATS, CAPS, BONNETS, AND WINTER FURS.

His HATS are celebrated everywhere for their style and finish, and he has now open an extensive and varied stock of

LADIES' BEAVER BONNETS, ranging from $1.50 upwards;

CHILDREN'S FANCY BEAVER HATS, from $1.50, upwards; and

LADIES' FURS in great variety and richness, in setts, from $5.00, upwards.

His Terms being CASH ON DELIVERY, those persons purchasing for Cash will find OAKFORD'S not only the BEST and FAIREST, but the CHEAPEST establishment in the Union.

☞ A choice variety of fancy CANES, UMBRELLAS, &c., always on hand. nov6-3m

COPPER-FACED TYPE.

THE NEWTON COMPANY, having made great improvements in the finish of their Patent Copper Faced Type, can recommend it, with the fullest confidence, to Printers and Publishers. It is already in common use in many of the largest newspaper and general Printing offices in this country and in England, and the Company have the strongest testimonials that it will doubtle the amount of work that can be done by common type, while it gives, at the same time, a finer working surface.

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Selected Poetry.

SEPTEMBER.

BY ANNIE HEADFORD.

She is standing on a hill side,
This fair September morn,
Watching the shifting clouds as we
Dart over the opening corn.
Up in the dark-pencil'd ruins h
The linnet is singing loud,
And with thrushes and goldfinch a-join
The orchard trees are bowed.

Down from the faded horizon
Floats lightly the yellow leaf,
And barely in the hedgerows
The skillful spiders weave.
Timid white morning-glories
Are peeping the fences o'er—
There's beauty in all around her,
But her spirit inclines not more.

She is thinking of one who with her,
Hath watched the spider spin,
And talked of the wondrous beauty
Concealed in his web within.
Of the tangled, lace-work pattern
That floats with the woods along
That bloom in the sunshine round her,
And breathe in the wild bird's song

She had walked in a silent sorrow,
Heart-broken till they met,
She had sought contentment of mind and heart,
And found but vain regret;
And when o'er her darkened spirit
The light of his high soul fell,
It beamed with a blessed influence
As warm'ning as the sunshine's smile

She dared not tell him her sorrow,
For what was she to him?
Between them Fate's fierce river
Dashed forming its billows dim;
But in his channeled presence
Her will was bound entranced,
And her soul a season owned
On the outer slope of peace

She is thinking of their parting,
A low tone dare sign,
When her calm heart-throbs gave not
A trace of its heavy woe;
But in a clear low accent,
Her farewell words she gave,
He wears a memorial with them,
And she to a living grave!

* * * *

Sixty-Sixth Evening's Dull Task
Pushed off from the misery shore,
And tide of the years to be
The ghostly steersman
Far in the North Water conducts
The Bear and the Dragon in
And the unending frightened Pleiades,
Are climbing the Eastern sky

She sits in the somber shadows,
And thinks of the days agone years—
Of her young life wasted and blasted
By grief's consuming pain—
In her pale hand she holdeth
Her wretched life and dead
The parting gift he gave her,
Ere he parting tender kiss said

She hath suffered, and more they severed,
Long years of grief and woe,
With no one to give her comfort,
And he'd no heart to strong
And so he departed from her
The sweetest life to save
One word of her wasted kindness,
His stricken soul to have

Where is he now? The ashes
Into the silent sky,
And he mingled with the shadows,
But there'll not be no more
Then to her earth forever
The lonely sky in prayer
Far strangely in her face
The valley of despair

Oh, Infinite and Holy
Immortal Soul—ruling over,
Up to the stars' pure mansions,
Where Angels and Heaven soars!
To form her gleaming fortress,
Amongst the Gods of old,
Down on the clouds that darken,
Her frowning and cloudy fold

Speak through the years and to-morrow
That bends in the coming noon,
Or whether to-day's sorrow
Needs the help for our boon,
Or in the cheerful sunshine
Of the radiant hand in hand,
And prates a happy harvest
In the late September land.

Common Sense.

Selected Articles.

MONETARY SENSATIONS.

A SKETCH FOR GENTLEMEN.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The poorest and most unlucky dog in the world either has or has some small pieces of money. No matter how much how earthy, or how preternaturally earned, he may be a prince in time a glimpse of the color of his own coin, and rejoiced accordingly as that color was brown, white, or yellow. It follows, then, that even the poorest and most unlucky dog in the world has experienced monetary sensations. It may appear paradoxical, but it must be true, that it is the very rich, born to riches, the born to get on prosperously to the end of their days, who have never enjoyed or learned the sensation to which we allude. To them gold is not a thing of contrast; it passes in upon them with the regularity of the succeeding seasons. Bills and cheques of small, and there, do not, like shilled-day is an oasis as Christmas and Hogmanay for the struggler. These are people who know nothing of the commodity with which they are so well endowed, or, at most, their knowledge is but shadowy. They take and spend, and they sit or walk. Both with natural pertinence. They have possessed from time they were born. Their money is a lot of themselves, an extra and unconscious convenient limb with which they are endowed. It is only when a limb is lost, that the unfortunate learns more and calls it the stump. But these favored ones, and good-natured superiors, like the shoots of a thousand flowering shrubs under their feet, monetary sensations.

But the more and women who work with their head or hands, light their fires, and put the pots to cook and pipe to speak, so that the unit which contains them—these who do not live to be rich, intent on how to make the ends meet—who are lucky and monetary only when they spend and the pockets are lightened by fortunate, their turning out the things of genius are pictures, and the people whose whole lives are one long succession of monetary sensations. Among them money is entirely the air we breathe, the water of a mill-dam. They know how to value half-crowns and more pence as calling for a world of anxious care, and watched hours which are as much the usual change of quarters minutes as the water. How hard must the world's grind have been, and is, to produce this handful of silver, to make a larger scale as the successful operation, sweeps to himself the dust of mines and mills. All so good, so gold, for which he has set a penny of his credit, means quite the same, and holds with a thrift which makes him clutch the two-penny paper, that change may not escape us, thank Heaven! they have, and there, not to be lost a tolerably vigorous monetary sensation.

But the whole of the money getting course, and of thankful spirits, are those who merely spend what others get and give them, on the very well back upon a series of monetary sensations which have made a part of their lives. That remembrances of that kind are, of course, most deeply impressed on the minds of early betted. In the cases in which we are seeking for memories, and have ourselves actively engaged, and overcome difficulties in order to reach step and triumph matured by a magnificence of the prize. But there are monetary sensations, pleasure, common to almost all the juvenile world, even those who are children of the Duke or of the bootmaker, to the boy who has obtained the prize at a race or a match, and the boy who has lost it. Neither the one nor the other will lose him a two-penny race, cricket, a shilling, or a half-crown, or a sovereign, but to adopt a phrase not always applicable to the Tweed, where it must be explained—and to have a game, to be present a little person and to-day, or quasi-present, heard of treasure. The game frequently requires the first monetary sensation. It must be the first distinct object of the value of money; it gives the first notion of the accidental connection between and the great proportion or proportion connect; table the last with the first, and so on, to the end of the payment. To know, into a great world, is to be profane and universal. Few beside the best sights, and so far most of the pleasures of life are the proprietors. Almost none, alas! who, in many kind as a sort of sacred deposit, the tenderly precious pain-hours. Occasionally, again, a child gets a present of a sovereign, in the old-fashioned system, which it would be grandest nothings to change. Every one will remember how Sophy and Lucy Primrose came into possession of a sovereign without money ingredients, or any will at once see there have a genius such to keep in their pockets, but with reasons for never having to change it." There are hundreds of thousands of Sophies and Lizzies possessed of the same sacred store, or having given it to their parents "to keep," ever whose minds the remembrance of the secret hoard every now and then sends flashing across the mind of the child a sense of importance, or richness, or a general self-complacency which carries with the indefinitely. Boys and girls in the next stages of their growth are little and think little about money, except as a means of obtaining some trifling passing indulgence. The childish revenue is small, and soon has its bound. The tin-pocket box has been long since opened, and the unchangeable guinea long since changed. We allude here, of course, to the children of the well to do. With the children of the poor, the case is different. They must lose the family of monetary sensations. Money is too valuable to them, because, as soon as the power of that period is past, and sometimes before it, money to the young poor is always translatable into food or into new clothes. There is nothing more sadly frequent in the squalid haunts and alleys of Edinburgh, than to see a little creature, boy or girl, tackle with a chance-penny, not into the tee-shop or the sweet-shop, but into the cook-shop, and there spend the treasure in food, taking care, with melancholy precocity, to have the full value, and only a tiny proportion of gristle or fat. Further on in life, when a poor boy earns a chance-sixpence or a shilling, there is no much added to the store laying up for the new jacket, the new cap, or the new boots, that not unfrequently, there is no sum gained for the family exigencies of Saturday night. Here those are monetary sensations in abundance. The life of such people is full of them. The sanctitant or the proprietor who bathwise, and perhaps an additional thrill in his pulse, drops hundreds into his purse, has not the plain of the thrill of pleasure-invoking, perhaps, a more of delightful associations—with which the boy who holds his bone receives the penny, which is tossed him in the capitalist in his normal condition rides coolly along, his whole, however, as soon as he has taken his capture, he conceives a particular affection for the purchase of the generous and a pond and nasally feeling. The money is no more. That is the encumbering sensation. It is fairly earned. The recipient swells with his next prize as he thinks he is now a man worthy of his years, and entitled to be treated rather higher than he came. This elevation of sentiment of course gradually dies away. The tentacy sensations of the first spring pursuit is not supported, but it is not forgotten, and nonetheless, although it is unregarded, by the heighthened and deepened the moral qualities and tendencies of his spiritual being. From time to time, as occasion serves, he will stretch the fin in his Battle of Life, and protrusted his assegai, for which, however, as soon as he has taken him capture, he conceives a particular affection. It is